

ACCORDING TO PREREIRA: A TRANSLATION

Presidency of the Council of Ministers Department of Entertainment

A film of national cultural interest

Based on the novel of the same name by Antonio Tabucchi

Narrator: It was a magnificent, sunny, and airy Jordanian Summer. Lisbon was resplendent. And, like every morning, he had gotten up early...

- Pereira maintains that that day he had found an essay in a magazine that had impressed him with death in order to understand the meaning of life.
- The essay started from the cult of the dead in ancient Egypt and ended with the lack of interest in death in the modern world.
- An unknown name signed the essay.
- However, a certain Monteiro Rossi seemed to know a lot about the subject.
- Pereira maintains that, for some time, he also thought about death. Why?
- Is it because his poor father, when he was little, had a funeral home called Pereira La Dolorosa?
- Could it be because his wife, whom he remembered with deep longing, had died of consumption a few years before?
- Was it because he was obese and had a heart condition and the doctor had told him that he had little time to live if he didn't take proper care of himself?
- In short, Pereira maintains that if death was an inevitable event and, therefore, affected everyone, the person in charge of the cultural page of the newspaper "Lisboa" had the duty to deal not only with his death but also with the death of others.
- At least while he was alive, Pereira maintains.

Protestors: Liberty! Liberty! Justice!

Father Antonio: Go ahead! I give you two minutes. What is it about?

Pereira: The thing is... I do nothing but think about death. It seems to me that everyone is dead or about to die. And also... I believe in the soul... In His resurrection, and not in the meat.

- This greasy dick that I drag. Why would that have to be reborn too? For what?

Father Antonio: You don't want me to stay here, listening to such heresies!

Pereira: But Father Antonio, the two minutes have not yet passed...

Narrator: Pereira maintains that the expeditious attitude that Father Antonio always had with him every time he asked him certain questions disturbed him.

- "In what world do I live?" he wondered. And the strange idea came to him that perhaps he was not alive but it was as if he had already died.
- So he thought it would do him good to talk to the unknown essayist.

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: Mr. Monteiro Rossi? I am Dr. Pereira, responsible for the cultural editorial team of "Lisboa". I just read your article, I find it very... no, no no!

- I have called you because I am looking for a collaborator for Saturday's cultural page and I was wondering if you...
- Just finished the race?
- Tonight?
- Where? Yes, great.
- A Neopolitan song?
- I understand.
- Culture does not feed mouths.
- Good. Thank you and have a nice afternoon.

Narrator: Pereira maintains that not even this call was of any consolation to him.

- One would have imagined, perhaps, a more mature interlocutor given the argument of the essay.
- However, he prepared to meet him without suspecting the importance that this appointment would have in the future of his life.

Teresa: Dr. Pereira, are you leaving?

Pereira: Yes, until tomorrow.

Teresa: You forgot your hat.

Manuel: Aren't you going to give me a smile? Don't you know how to smile?

- This is for you... In return, you have to smile at me.
- C'mon! Smile, smile! Do you know how to smile?
- Lemonade.
- Everything okay, Dr. Pereira?

Pereira: Good, good, Manuel. Come on, tell me what happened today.

Manuel: The police do what they do, and what appears on the front page of your newspaper is the departure of the most luxurious yacht in the world.

Pereira: What are you talking about?

Manuel: Don't you know what happened this morning at the market?

Pereira: No.

Manuel: They murdered a carter because he dared to protest. This is the news that the newspaper should publish!

Pereira: Teresa is going on vacation, I'll have to prepare the food myself.

SONG: Light that shines white in the morning over the market of golden melons curiously stalks the pink houses in search of our treasure. The secret to discover is buried in us...

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: I'll be back a little late tonight, I have a work appointment.

Host: And, now, in honor of the Italian comrades who fight in Spain, the young Monteiro Rossi sings the most beautiful song of his magnificent homeland.

Random Lady: Did you like it?

Rossi: Excuse me.

Boy: Come with me!

Rossi: Excuse me. Dr. Pereira?

Pereira: Good evening. Have a seat.

Rossi: After you.

Pereira: Thank you! Good evening.

Random Lady: Good evening.

Pereira: Do you belong to the nationalist youth?

Rossi: Me? I have a degree in philosophy!

Pereira: I ask because "Lisboa" is a free and independent newspaper, and we don't get involved in politics.

Rossi: But I actually don't care about politics. I'm paid to sing because I'm Italian. That's it.

Pereira: Perfect! So will you tell me about your article on death? Tell me: does death interest you?

Rossi: Not even a little. What interests me is life.

- Excuse me, but I'm bored to death.
- Two years ago, my mother died. Last year, it was my father's turn. But... What is that question about?

Pereira: In the newspaper, every time an important intellectual dies, you have to write the funeral eulogies, but a good obituary cannot be improvised. I am looking for someone to write good obituaries, in advance.

Rossi: As I've told you, I love life, true, but if you want me to talk about death, pay me like they paid me tonight to sing. I am willing.

Pereira: Good! As a singer, huh?

- Perhaps, as a journalist, I would be much better.
- He says he is Italian by origin.

Rossi: Yes, exactly.

Pereira: Then he prepares me a good obituary in memory of Rapagnetta.

Rossi: Rapa?

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: Don't tell me you don't know who he is? The most important Italian poet?

Rossi: Oh! Right. Tomorrow I will have the obituary of... Rapa-

Pereira: -gnetta.

Rossi: Ah! Rapagnetta! Sure.

- Marta!
- I present to you Marta.
- Dr. Pereira directs the cultural page of "Lisboa". He just hired me! From tonight, I'm a journalist.

Pereira: Well, yes.

Rossi: As you can see, I have found a job.

Marta: That's wonderful! Let's celebrate then. Come, my love.

Rossi: Excuse me, Dr. Pereira.

Marta: Dr. Pereira, I would like to dance this waltz with you.

Pereira: But... I haven't danced for years...

Marta: Come on, come on!

Pereira: No, I beg you!

- Tell me, are you also interested in journalism?

Marta: A little. Today, your newspaper does not say anything about the cart driver murdered in the market. Don't you find it a bit weird?

Pereira: Unfortunately, the director is on vacation, and I only deal with literature. But from next Saturday, our newspaper will have a whole page dedicated to culture.

Marta: Very interesting-

Pereira: Yes, yes.

Marta: Tell me, Dr. Pereira. Don't you think that you should be a little affected by the murder of an innocent?

Pereira: I beg you, miss, lower your voice. Don't you realize where we are?

Marta: Exactly, this place is making me nervous. In a moment, they will sing military marches.

- I'd better leave you with you new employee. I need to get some fresh air.

Rossi: Marta! Marta!

Pereira: Guy de Maupassant inherited a venereal disease from his father that leads him first to madness and, later, to an early death. Of his work... Come in!

Marta: Good Morning, Dr. Pereira.

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: Good Morning

Rossi: I have brought you the article you asked for. I've been working on it all night.

Pereira: Brilliant.

Rossi: And Marta wanted to-

Marta: I wanted to apologize for the way I left last night.

Pereira: Ah, silly stuff...

Marta: And also, we wanted to celebrate your entry into the world of journalism.

Pereira: Great!

Rossi: Are there glasses?

Pereira: No... hold on.

- Here. I found them.

Rossi: Authentic Italian wine!

Pereira: And I shouldn't drink or eat sweets, but in these circumstances, I'll make an exception. Thank you.

Rossi: I did not imagine the writing of a newspaper like this.

Pereira: We are not in the newspaper. It's just a quiet place to work.

Rossi: Will I read it?

Pereira: Yes, sure, yes.

Marta: Well, I'll leave you to it. Goodbye, Dr. Pereira

Pereira: Goodbye, miss, goodbye.

Rossi: Bye now.

- Gabriele d'Annuncio.

Pereira: Yes.

Rossi: Can i sit?

Pereira: Please use my desk.

Rossi: Thank you.

- Gabriele d'Annuncio. His admirers know him by this pseudonym, but his real name is Rapagnetta. Changed because it wasn't loud enough. He was truly a great poet.

Rafiq Taylor

- If we had to describe it bluntly, we would not hesitate to describe him as a braggart. In reality, d'Annuncio was a warmonger. A character whose example should not be followed because of the unbearable coarseness of his ideas.
- Extolled by fascism, he has extolled the bloody colonial conquests with him, a sinister character, capable of the worst-

Pereira: Young man... either you are irresponsible or, if not, a provocateur. And the journalism that is done today in our country, does not need either one.

Rossi: But, why?

Pereira: You do know that D'Annunzio is the banner of Italian fascism, And that the Italian soldiers fight with our volunteers in Spain on the side of General Franco?

Rossi: And that seems fair?

Pereira: I don't know, nor do I want to know. I have hired you simply as "necrologist" and you bring me-

Rossi: Can I rewrite it? I can do a completely different article. But I beg you. I need to work.

Pereira: But how can you think that a newspaper can pay for something like that? Really, it is needed? Do you realize?

Rossi: I know that it demands professionalism, I know that you have to work with your brain. But if I must tell the truth...

Pereira: Which?

Rossi: The truth is to follow the reasons of the heart.

Pereira: I do not understand you.

Rossi: The article about D'Annunzio swore to him that he would have been able to write a good obituary with his head, but his heart was better. And also...

Pereira: Also?

Rossi: I'm in love with Marta.

Pereira: Well, I don't know what that has to do with it.

Rossi: Of course it has something to do with it! It is a reason of the heart. My head is somewhere else.

Narrator: Pereira maintains that he would have wanted to tell you if you write with the reason of the heart, my dear, you will run into enormous difficulties, I assure you, but he did not say anything about all that. On the contrary...

Pereira: Listen, boy. Sit down.

- The ten commandments don't say it but I say it. The reasons of the heart are the most important but you have to find a middle ground. With my heart, yes, but with my eyes wide open always.

Rossi: Yes. I know. The next obituary will live up to your expectations.

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: I hope so.

Rossi: Dr. Pereira, you must know that I need money.

Pereira: Oh yeah?

Rossi: I would like to ask you for an advance.

Pereira: But you haven't written anything.

Rossi: I know, but...

Pereira: How much do you need?

Rossi: Whatever you can give.

- Thank you!

Song: It's locked in us...

Pereira: That young man... I'd have to fire him. I know. If we had had a son, he would have been his age. Do you remember that a lock fell on my forehead? Him too. Yes. It's like me when I was young.

Narrator: Pereira maintains that, that day, he reflected for a long time. If he had had a son, he would be an adult now and he would have liked to sit at the table with him and let him talk.

- Pereira maintains that, if he had had a son, now he would not have needed to talk to a portrait.

Teresa: Dr. Pereira, an urgent letter has arrived. I have taken the trouble to sign for the delivery. I hope it doesn't cause me any trouble since the name of the sender does not appear. Weird, no?

Pereira: Senora Celeste, you are paid to do your job, however, you always stick your nose in matters that do not concern you. Next time, don't sign it and don't bother to see if there is a sender or not. Just tell the postman to come by again to deliver it to me personally.

Teresa: Dr. Pereira, I will only be a simple goalkeeper, but my husband, as you know, is a policeman and has many acquaintances at the top.

Pereira: I know perfectly well, and that is exactly what I don't like.

Teresa: Oh yeah?

Pereira: Yes ma'am!

- Today we remember Vladimir Mayakovsky, who committed suicide in Moscow due to a disappointment in love. Having joined the Bolshevik party at a very young age, he was arrested three times and tortured by the infamous Tsarist police. We commemorate here a great revolutionary and ardent...
- Hello, I'm Pereira. Yes, I was reading your article.
- You may be an excellent novelist, but my newspaper is not the place to publish novels. Mayakovsky was a subversive. Do you think that the cultural page has any interest in commemorating his death?

Rafiq Taylor

- The reasons of the heart? But I have never told you to write only with your heart! Rather, I told you to open your eyes!
- No, I can't see it. Today I have to go.
- You want another advance?? But how can you think that I'd be willing to give another advance with what was written?
- Good. Bye now.

Teresa: "I'll be out until Monday." And where will he go now?

Woman on Train: Does it bother you that I smoke?

Pereira: Not at all, smoke.

Waiter: Lunch! Dining car! Lunch! Dining car!

Woman on Train: Thank you.

Pereira: May I join you?

Woman on Train: Please.

Pereira: Let me introduce myself: Pereira. Responsible for the cultural page of "Lisboa".

Delgado: It's a pleasure. Ingeborg Delgado.

Pereira: Thank you.

Delgado: I'm German, but of Portuguese origin.

Pereira: And do you live here, in Portugal?

Delgado: No. I have come to "find my roots" as they say.

- Tea and toast, please.

Pereira: A very Portuguese choice.

- An omelette with fine herbs and a lemonade, please.
- Excuse me, ma'am, but when I eat, I always get dirty. My housekeeper says I'm worse than a little boy. Do you like Portugal?

Delgado: Yes. Very much, although it is not a suitable country for me. I'm waiting for a visa for the United States.

Pereira: Are you Jewish?

Delgado: Yes. And the Europe of these times is not the ideal place, least of all Germany... even here. They don't like us very much. I've noticed it in the newspapers.

Pereira: This is a Catholic country. We have had an Inquisition, which is not a reason for pride. I am also Catholic, though in my own way. And I don't believe in the resurrection of the flesh. Nope.

- I noticed that you read Thomas Mann.

Rafiq Taylor

Delgado: He has also applied for a visa to leave.

Pereira: I have to confess that I don't like what happens here either.

Delgado: So do something!

Pereira: What can I do?

Delgado: You said that you write a newspaper. Tell what happens. Express your opinion against it!

Pereira: Ma'am, I'm not Thomas Mann. I translate stories from French. I don't know how to do anything else.

Delgado: Do you really believe that? Perhaps everything can be achieved, if you have the will for it.

Driver: Hey! Mr! Shall I take you somewhere?

Pereira: How luxurious! Wow, wow...

Driver: Put the suitcase here.

Pereira: Yes.

- It's yours?

Driver: Why? Does it seem so weird to you? What do you want? At our age, if you have a little brain, the best thing you can do is enjoy life.

Pereira: And what happens? What do you think?

Driver: What happens, where?

Pereira: In Europe, in Germany, in the Italy of these fanatics who want to drown the world in blood and fire.

Driver: They are distant countries.

Pereira: And Spain? It was a democratically elected republic. General Franco rose up and now not a day goes by without a massacre.

Driver: Spain is also far away.

Pereira: Here we cannot say that we are doing better. Public opinion no longer counts.

Driver: The public opinion. You are a journalist, and you believe in public opinion!?

- Your suitcase! I'll have them send it to you. See you at the restaurant.

Pereira: Okay.

Silva: This place is boring. Afterwards, I'll take you to a more lively one. Look, the editor of your newspaper. What a strange thing! Tonight he is alone...

Pereira: Who knows with death? Better be prepared.

Rafiq Taylor

Editor: Dr. Pereira, I am about to have dinner in the company of a kind lady, extremely sensitive, and you only speak to me of the dying.

Pereira: Excuse me, manager. Do you remember Pirandello, when he disappeared? There was not even a newspaper prepared to commemorate his death.

Editor: I would like to know how much this assistant of yours cost me.

Pereira: No, he's young and content with little, and besides, I'll tell him he graduated with a thesis on death.

Editor: Please, let's not talk about... about... do what you think is convenient, okay?

Pereira: Yes, all right, I'll leave you the newspaper, I wish you a happy evening, take care, Sr. Director.

- My respects, miss.

Narrator: Pereira maintains that that night a certain restlessness had assailed him. Maybe it was his fault, but he didn't want to stay at the spa with his friend Silva.

- He felt that he had to return as quickly as possible even knowing that nothing or no one was waiting for him in Lisbon.

Teresa: Welcome, Dr. Pereira. I've given your instructions to the postman, but he says he can't come through twice, so I have re-signed. The name of the sender is still missing and I don't like the thing at all.

Pereira: Give it here! Thank you.

The Letter: Distinguished Dr. Pereira, I need to see you urgently as soon as you get back. Kind regards, Francesco Monteiro Rossi.

Pereira: Monteiro Rossi. Not there? Why doesn't he live there anymore? I called him just a few days ago! Excuse me.

Manuel: Good morning.

Pereira: Good morning, Manuel. What's the news?

Manuel: You work in a newspaper and ask me what's new?

Pereira: Precisely for this reason: I have understood that the best way to know the truth is by listening to people.

Manuel: The truth?

Pereira: Yes.

Manuel: You know about the Jewish butcher shop?

Pereira: No. What happened?

Manuel: Assaulted. They have covered it with obscene graffiti. No newspaper has written a single line.

Pereira: I hope the police intervened immediately.

Rafiq Taylor

Manuel: The police? The police seem to have things to do, Dr. Pereira.

Narrator: Pereira maintains that this news caused a drop of sweat to slide down his back. He remembered the Hebrew lady he met on the train and hoped she had been able to get to safety. Perhaps it was true that strange things were happening as Manuel said. Maybe he didn't see them, but maybe that anguish, that sweat, made him sense them.

SONG: In the blue shimmer of air, a seagull on the white sea, with curious sonorous spouts, stalks the rose-colored sails in search of our treasure. The secret to discover is locked in us.

Pereira: Oh! It's you!

Rossi: Dr. Pereira, I'm in trouble, I need your help.

Pereira: Calm down. What is happening?

Rossi: My cousin has arrived.

Pereira: So what?

Rossi: He comes from Spain from fighting with the Republicans and wants to recruit volunteers willing to follow him.

Pereira: Okay, but what do I have to do with all this?

Rossi: The problem is that I need to hide him for some time. I no longer have a home.

Pereira: I know. I tried to call you on the phone.

Rossi: Marta has thought you could...

Pereira: Could what?

Rossi: Surely no one would suspect you-

Pereira: Just a moment. Sit down and explain it to me.

Rossi: Thank you.

- You have to find a safe place.

Pereira: His gall never ceases to amaze me! In our first meeting you told me that you were not interested in politics at all. You lied to me.

Rossi: But it's for my cousin, to help my cousin. I can only count on you.

Pereira: On me?

Rossi: You cannot abandon us. Either way, he's already here.

Pereira: Here? Where?

Bruno: Good Morning.

Rossi: Bruno Rossi.

Rafiq Taylor

Bruno: Dr. Pereira... I... I... I would like-

Pereira: Yes, yes, come with me. C'mon.

Rossi: Dr. Pereira, I promise you it's only a few days.

Pereira: You two are irresponsible.

Bruno: There are soldiers everywhere. We are surrounded.

Pereira: No, calm down. We are not in Spain, there isn't a civil war.

Rossi: C'mon.

Pereira: Listen carefully. I do not ally myself with either the monarchist cause or the republican cause. I don't know if I'll be able to find a lodging, but in any case, I'm warning you, young man, don't look for me again, because I don't want anything to do with this.

Bruno: I hoped it was a comrade.

Rossi: Shut up!

Pereira: What did you say?

Rossi: Please don't be angry, Dr. Pereira.

Pereira: Listen to me. Wait here, I'll be right back.

- I feel sorry for that boy. Can you explain to me why? For me it is that Marta who creates problems for him.

Bruno: What is he doing?

Rossi: What?

Pereira: Don't you think I should put him on guard?

Bruno: He is talking to someone.

Rossi: Impossible. He lives alone. Come. Trust him.

Pereira: I'm going to tell you something, young man. I think you're getting into trouble because of Marta.

Rossi: No. Marta would never get me into trouble.

Pereira: Yes, she is a very intelligent girl, determined, and I can even understand her. But you must not forget what I warned you. Eye, always open.

Rossi: Yes.

Pereira: Do you understand me?

Rossi: Yes, I understand you perfectly.

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: Glad to hear it.

- Here, it's the address of a small boarding house, give the note to the doorman for me.

Bruno: Thank you.

Rossi: Thank you... We would also need some money as an advance for my next article.

Pereira: You want more money? You haven't written anything publishable yet!

Rossi: I assure you I have plenty of ideas.

Pereira: Tomorrow I'm going to do some cures. My cardiologist has insisted so much that if I don't listen to him, I will die of a heart attack. I hope to be back in a week, in the meantime, try not to do crazy things, please. And write some good obituaries! Okay?

Rossi: Thanks.

Pereira: Go away.

- I'll take you with me so you'll see if this blessed cure is of any use.

Random Train Station Lady: Hi! How are you?

Marta: Dr. Pereira, I know you are leaving, I want to thank you for what you have done for us.

Pereira: No, I haven't done anything, I-

Marta: How not? You have been of great help, without you, Monteiro's cousin-

Pereira: Shut up! Don't cite names. Do you want them to stop us?

Marta: Dr. Pereira. I have to tell you something else. I know you consider me a fanatic, but you're wrong. There is a huge difference between fanaticism and faith. You can have ideals and believe that men should be free, equal and even brothers.

Pereira: They are the principles of the French Revolution.

Marta: And those of Marx and those of Engels, and-

Pereira: Yes, I understand. They are great characters, famous without a doubt; but, as far as I am concerned, they are not among my favorite readings.

Marta: I'm not talking about literature, but about freedom. I think you should be one of us.

Pereira: Miss, I am not one of yours, nor of the others. On the other hand, I don't know who your people are, nor do I want to know. Some time ago I worked in "Events" now, luckily, I take care of other things.

Marta: You are wrong again. This is not the chronicle of events, this is history.

Pereira: History! Those are big words! Excuse me, I have to go now. And don't follow me. And please don't look for me anymore.

- Yes, yes, I know that the doctor would forbid it, but don't you think it would be very nice? Do you remember how he swam to the farm?

Rafiq Taylor

- Stop! Stop here! I stay on the beach. Take my suitcase to the clinic and say I'll be right back.
- Good Morning!

Lifeguard: Good Morning!

Pereira: I want to rent a swimsuit. It's possible?

Lifeguard: I don't know if we'll have swimsuits in your size... Anyway, have the key, you can search the store yourself.

Pereira: Thank you.

Jogging Leader of Jogging Men: One! Two! One! Two! Attention! Don't miss the step!

Lifeguard: The swimsuit suits you very well. But don't you think you also need a float?

Pereira: I'm an expert swimmer. Maybe better than you! Don't worry about it.

One Of The Previously Jogging Men: The water tones, all to the water.

- Let's have a game!
- Throw the ball!
- Okay!
- Pass it to me!
- Take it.
- Bravo!
- Polo!

Pereira: As you can see, I didn't need the float... Thank You.

Random General Man: Over here.

Nurse: The doctor is waiting for you. Follow me

Pereira: Thank you.

Cardoso: Ha! Dr. Pereira. Thank you, miss.

- I was waiting for you. I'm Dr. Cardoso.

Periera: Encantado.

Cardoso: I just reviewed your history. You have coronary insufficiency, but you already know that, and there is no reason to be alarmed. I heard that you're an expert in French literature! I did my studies in France.

Pereria: Yeah?

Cardoso: If you don't mind, I'd like to chat a bit. Shall we take a walk?

Pereira: Sure. With great pleasure.

Cardoso: Great! Let's go.

Rafiq Taylor

- Let's start with your eating habits. What do you usually eat?

Pereira: Practically, only an omelette with fine herbs.

Cardoso: Don't you want to answer me?

Pereira: Yes, yes. I eat fish, meat... I eat rationally.

Cardoso: And when did your obesity begin to manifest itself?

Pereira: Some years ago. After the death of my wife.

Cardoso: Do you eat a lot of sweets?

Pereira: No. I only drink lemonades.

Cardoso: How many a day?

Pereira: About ten.

Cardoso: That's an exaggeration... Do you add sugar?

Pereira: Yes. I fill the glass with sugar.

Cardoso: But-

Pereira: Half lemonade and half sugar.

Cardoso: Starting today, just mineral water. But, if you prefer it with sugar, with you we can make an exception.

Pereira: This is a very nice place. Is it always this calm?

Cardoso: I'm glad you like it. Dr Pereira. I would like to ask you an intimate question. Your sexual activity...

Pereira: What did you say?

Cardoso: Women... Tell me about your sexual activity.

Pereira: Look, doctor, I am a widower, and no longer young. I don't have the time or desire to look for women.

Cardoso: Not even, any... any young women? An adventure from time to time?

Pereira: No, not even that. May I smoke?

Cardoso: If you can't do without it, I'll make a second exception.

Pereira: Thank you, doctor. I must confess that your questions make me uncomfortable...

Cardoso: No! How come? It's normal, it's normal... Dr. Pereira?

Pereira: Yes?

Cardoso: Do you have... Do you have nocturnal emissions?

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: Excuse me?

Cardoso: Do you have erotic dreams that make you ejaculate? Or if you don't have erotic dreams, what do you dream about?

Pereira: What do my dreams have to do with the cure?

Cardoso: Your psyche is related to your body, I must know how you dream.

Pereira: I often dream of the Farm.

Cardoso: Oh! There is a woman and you didn't tell me!

Pereira: No, La Granja is a beach near Porto. I met my wife there, it was the most beautiful period of my life.

Cardoso: Well, we are done for today. Would you like us to meet for dinner?

Pereira: Yes, it will be a pleasure. Do you want a cigarette?

Cardoso: No, no thank you.

- A glass of mineral water on an empty stomach is a good measure of hygiene.

Pereira: I would prefer a very cold lemonade.

Cardoso: As I told you, I am passionate about French literature. What is your paper preparing this week?

Pereira: Honorine, a Balzac tale about repentance. I have read it autobiographically. I identify with it.

Cardoso: In regret?

Pereira: Yes.

Cardoso: Since you usually eat fish and meat, I propose a variation. Our chef makes the best herb omelette. Would you like one?

Pereira: Yes, good choice!

Cardoso: So, two omlettes.

Waitress: Good.

Cardoso: Thank you.

- Repentance... Can you be more explicit?

Pereira: Yes. On the one hand, I am happy with my life. I worked 30 years in "Events" and now I deal with literature, which is my passion. On the other hand, it's like I need to repent, but I don't know why.

Cardoso: In the last few months, have you had any special events in your life?

Pereira: An event?

Cardoso: Si. In psychoanalysis, it is something capable of disturbing our balance.

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: Ah yes, yes. Recently, an event has occurred! In the last few months, I have met one... or rather: two people... Two poor young people, romantics, without a future.

Cardoso: Without a future?

- Thank you.
- Tell me about them.

Pereira: Well, I hired a young assistant who seemed capable of doing obituaries. I paid him out of my pocket so as not to tax the newspaper... But he hasn't written anything publishable yet.

Cardoso: Why not find another?

Pereira: It's the same question I've asked my wife.

Cardoso: What? But you told me you're a widower!

Pereira: Yes, but...

Cardoso: But you... talk to your wife.

Pereira: With her portrait... Yes.

Cardoso: We'll have to dig deeper into that... But, back to this assistant.

Pereira: Yes, you see... he writes obituaries, but always from a political point of view. I think it is Marta who puts these ideas into his head.

Cardoso: Who's Marta?

Pereira: His girlfriend.

Cardoso: I know that you pay him his salary, but it doesn't seem very serious to me.

Pereira: But... it's me who begins to have doubts. And if they are right...

Cardoso: What would be the problem?

Pereira: What if those two were right? My life would no longer make sense. I have always believed that literature was the most important thing. Nothing would make sense anymore. Perhaps this is why I feel the need to repent.

Cardoso: Two fruit salads...

- And without sugar!

Pereira: May I ask a question? Are you obligated to adapt to the diet of your patients?

Cardoso: What you have told me is very interesting. I propose to continue our talk outside. Is that okay?

Pereira: Yes, absolutely.

Cardoso: Do you know the philosophical doctors?

Pereira: No.

Rafiq Taylor

Cardoso: They are French doctors and psychologists, but also philosophers who support the theory of the confederation of souls.

Pereira: The confederation of souls?

Cardoso: Yes. While the Christian tradition believes in a single soul, in our theory the personality is seen as a confederation of several souls, under the control of a dominant self.

Pereira: A dominant self?

Cardoso: Yes, exactly. If that is. Do you have a cigarette?

Pereira: Yes, of course.

Cardoso: Thank you.

- Oh no! You should not, Dr. Pereira, but since it is the first night, we will make another exception.

Pereira: Thanks! The dominant self... Continue.

Cardoso: Yes...

- Our balance depends on the control of a dominant self that governs the confederation of souls. If a stronger one emerges, dethrone the weaker one and take his place.

Pereira: In my case, do you think a new dominant self has emerged?

Cardoso: From what you told me, I think that the conquest of a new you has not yet occurred, but it could happen soon.

Pereira: In that case, what should I do?

Cardoso: Wait. After so many years thinking that literature was the most important thing, perhaps a new dominant self is taking charge of your soul, to show you that there are other things that are even more important. Don't make such a sad face. Let the new you appear and help win this battle.

Pereira: And what do these young people have to do with all this?

Cardoso: If you think they're right, let it go and don't try to make up for your suffering by drinking ten lemonades a day.

Pereira: It may be true. A few weeks ago, on a train, a stranger told me that I could do much more... By the way, what time should I wake up tomorrow?

Cardoso: Here, we get up at six.

Pereira: Oh...

Cardoso: But since it's your first morning, we'll make the last exception.

Pereira: Dr. Cardoso, in truth, I don't dislike this clinic at all.

Rafiq Taylor

Narrator: Pereira maintains that that night he stayed awake for a long time, thinking he did not believe in the resurrection of the flesh, but in that of the soul. But now, it confused him that it was an entire confederation of souls. As soon as he could, he would discuss it with Father Antonio.

Cardoso: How are you? Did you sleep well?

Pereira: Yes, I would say yes. I only have one problem... Could you find me a swimsuit that covers my belly and thighs?

Cardoso: No, no, you must overcome your modesty because the effect of the algae and the sea occurs in contact with the skin, so you must use a normal one. Come on.

- Take a deep breath, okay, that's right: deep. Move your arms. Continue like this, again breathe, move your arms and rub your chest or belly with the algae.
- Continue like this, on the belly, the chest. Thus...
- Stronger, stronger.
- Meanwhile, tell me about your next translation.

Pereira: It's a story: "The Last Lesson"... Do you know him?

Cardoso: Alphonse Daudet!

Pereira: Brilliant!

Cardoso: I know, it's a very moving story... But, if I remember correctly, it ends up exalting France against Germany, which I find difficult to accept in these times...

Pereira: How come?

Cardoso: Germany is going to face France again and our country will opt for the German side, so-

Pereira: But my newspaper is free and independent.

Cardoso: I'm not so sure about that...

Pereira: Yes, yes.

Cardoso: I wish I was the only one who thinks so. Its director always leads the demonstrations of the regime. And sometimes... he holds out his arm. I'm not sure they don't censor it from one day to the next.

Pereira: But so far it hasn't happened.

Cardoso: It can happen depending on the dominant self that takes command in your confederation of souls.

Pereira: Can I leave?

Cardoso: No, there's ten minutes left. Remember that in addition to literature we have another goal in common...

Pereira: ?

Rafiq Taylor

Cardozo: Lose weight, lose at least 10 kilos.

Pereira: 10 kilos?

- Good morning, Teresa. Now I'm back. Is there nothing for me?

Teresa: There is a letter addressed to a certain Monteiro Rossi. "C, period, O period... Dr. Pereira..." strange. It's the first time I saw something like that.

Pereira: There is nothing strange: C, period, O, period means "for the newspaper".

Teresa: Oh yeah?

Pereira: Yeah.

Teresa: Dr. Pereira.

Pereira: ?

Teresa: You have lost weight.

Pereira: Yes, I know.

Teresa: I just wanted to let you know.

Pereira: Hello? Yes, this is the writer of the cultural page of *Lisboa*... Yes, it's me... Something happened? At Cafe Orquidea, this afternoon... Yes, but... listen...

- No, no, from today only mineral water, without sugar.

Manuel: Really? I see you're in top shape, even lost weight! Have you heard about the scandal that has been organized in the Vatican?

Pereira: What scandal?

Manuel: It seems that a great Catholic French writer has denounced France's repression.

Pereira: And what's his name?

Manuel: Ber... Berdano-

Pereira: Bernanos! His name is Bernanos!

Manuel: Yes, I think it's him. Then safe mineral water without sugar?

Pereira: Yes.

Manuel: Right away.

Pereira: Manuel, if they're looking for me tell me to wait an hour and I'll go home.

Manuel: Don't worry, Dr. Pereira.

Pereira: Good afternoon, see you tomorrow.

Manuel: See you tomorrow.

Rafiq Taylor

Marta: Dr. Pereira... Don't you recognize me?

Pereira: It's you... Marta! I waited for you in the cafe.

Marta: I was there, but my name is no longer Marta. Now I am Lise Delaunay, a traveling painter in Portugal, with a French passport.

Pereira: Are you unrecognizable! What happened to you?

Marta: Sometimes you have to impersonate someone else.

Pereira: And Monteiro Rossi? I have this paper from him. It is quite inconvenient.

Marta: I wrote it. I was hoping you would get in touch with me.

Pereira: But where is he?

Marta: I don't know anything. He went with his cousin Bruno to recruit volunteers.

Pereira: I wish I was wrong, but this matter smells bad to me.

Marta: It is true, we are in a mess and we need money.

Pereira: But what kind of mess?

Marta: They are messes that I have sought deep down, it is the life that I have chosen. But he is different. If it wasn't for me, he would never have gotten involved in this... Follow me, I want to show you something.

Film Narrator: This is not an invented story; it is a true story. Antonio is the leader of a group of subversives who has just escaped from the police. The subversives are arming themselves to overthrow our government. They assure that in the country, everything is going wrong, and they are preparing a secret plan to assassinate our president. Now they are discussing the X hour of the secret plan.

- Antonio's mother, knowing that her son is a dangerous subversive, dies of pain, and the women of the town reproach the unfortunate son responsible for this unjust and premature death. Perhaps Antonio is going to visit the grave of his poor mother, harboring regret in his soul.
- Teresa, his sweet girlfriend, is anguished but is not discouraged, and begins a work of redemption with him to open his eyes to the reality of the country.
- This is how our children are cared for in our country. With care and love, unparalleled in the world. This is how our teenagers grow, with care and love unparalleled in the world. And what about our old ones? May they be cared for and protected like in no other country in the world.
- And what about our houses? Which are built by the thousands to house all citizens? And what about our young people? That everyone can find work because in our country there is work for everyone?
- Teresa's work bears fruit. Antonio has understood his tragic mistakes and now wants to remedy them. Here he is in front of our flag, a flag that we should all love and respect. And this is the multitude of patriots who valiantly cheer our President.
- Now Antonio knows what he should do, let us also repeat: Everyone with the Nation, no one against the Nation!

Rafiq Taylor

Marta: Everything you've seen is fake. But people don't know, they need to know. People like you are needed, so that everyone knows the truth.

Pereira: But what can I do? You know well that my thing is literature...

Father Antonio: And what did you do?

Pereira: I repeated that I didn't want to get involved in those stories.

Father Antonio: And money? Did you give them money?

- You know what I mean? You did well.
- Let us return to this story of the confederation of souls. The soul is indivisible, and God has given it to you. And that's final!

Pereira: But the French doctors and philosophers-

Father Antonio: Another heresy! Enough already! What is the other topic you wanted to talk about? I give you three minutes.

Pereira: Three minutes?

Father Antonio: Three minutes.

Pereira: I think I am a good Catholic. I have heard the controversy between the Vatican and Bernanos and I would like to know how I should behave.

Father Antonio: You have proposed that today I lose my temper!

Pereira: No...

Father Antonio: Yes! You know that I must abide by my superiors! I have to obey, you don't.

Pereira: I don't?

Father Antonio: No.

Pereira: Good.

Father Antonio: Listen... after the bombing of Guernica, the Basque clergy, whose people are the most Catholic in Spain, allied themselves with the Republican side. Come, I'll explain better, I'll try to explain better...

- A French writer, Francois Mauriac, has come out in defense of the Basques.

Pereira: Mauriac, what a great man! I'll tell Monteiro Rossi to prepare his obituary.

Father Antonio: Why an obituary? Let him live, we need him!

Pereira: It's not that I want him to die, it's that a newspaper needs to foresee-

Father Antonio: Let him live in peace!

Pereira: Yes...

Rafiq Taylor

Father Antonio: Everything got complicated when the Vatican openly supported General Franco and declared that the Basques were "Red Christians" and that they should be excommunicated. Another writer, Paul Claudel, has endorsed the Vatican by publishing a fascist pamphlet worthy of an executioner.

Pereira: But how is it possible?

Father Antonio: And how would you define someone who does something like that? Motherfucker! That's how I define it! A son of a bitch!

Pereira: And Bernanos?

Father Antonio: Bernanos has revealed to the world that Franco has carried out a real coup in Spain. Denouncing the Francoist massacres. Franco is a criminal. The Vatican is wrong! The Vatican...

- My God! What you make me say...

Pereira: I should publish an excerpt from Bernanos's "Diary of a Rural Priest."

Father Antonio: A splendid idea! Your three minutes are up. Come back soon, but first commit some sin. If not, I can't even confess to you.

Pereira: A sin?

Teresa: Good morning, Dr. Pereira. How are you?

Pereira: I'm good, thank you Teresa.

Teresa: There has been no mail this morning. Nor calls.

Pereira: Excuse me, and what do you know?

Teresa: A commissioner came and connected his phone with the one at the gatehouse. So, from now on, we have a switchboard.

Pereira: And if I have to call?

Teresa: It should go through the switchboard, that is, by me. I would not have wanted this switchboard. I have to prepare lunch for my husband, and he is so demanding.

Pereira: Yes! It is noticeable by the smell of fried food that is perceived on the stairs!

Teresa: Hello? Yes, a moment.

Pereira: Hello?

Teresa: Dr. Pereira, is there a call for you. Will I pass it on or should I say you're not here?

Pereira: Why should I say that I am not if I am?

Teresa: I know what you want! I'm the concierge, not an operator. It does not matter... Call from the clinic "Talasopirica."

Pereira: Thalassotherapy!

Rafiq Taylor

Teresa: Thalasso... what? Yes, something like that. By the way, didn't you go to that "tala-I-don't-know-what" to lose weight?

Pereira: Can you put the call through to me? Yes or no?

- Dr. Cardoso! What a joy! This afternoon? Magnificent! We can meet at Cafe Orquidea.

Cardoso: "The Prussians had invaded the country. The entire population had taken refuge in the school. The teacher got up, went to the blackboard in the silence that reigned between children and parents and wrote in large letters: "VIVE LA FRANCE". Then he left with tears in his eyes, leaving a great emotion in the classroom." Congratulations.

Pereira: Thank you.

Cardoso: My congratulations. It is done! Here's to your new dominant self, emerging from the confederation of souls.

Pereira: As you can see, it was not censored.

Cardoso: It's true.

Pereira: Manuel!

Manuel: Dr. Pereira!

Pereira: My doctor and friend, Dr. Cardoso.

Manuel: Good morning, doctor.

Pereira: What news is there?

Manuel: Contrasting news. The Nationalists took the north, but the Republicans win the center. It seems that Mussolini has sent Franco submarines full of weapons. That is all.

Cardoso: I haven't told you the news... I'm going to France, to the Saint-Malo clinic. I'm leaving in 15 days.

Pereira: No, don't... don't leave us, doctor. This country needs people like you.

Cardoso: No, on the contrary, this country no longer needs me. I can't do anything else here. I leave before the catastrophe.

Pereira: What catastrophe?

Cardoso: A general catastrophe is coming. But I'm not here to make you sad. On the contrary, I am here to stimulate you! By the way, tell me about your young people, how are they?

Pereira: I am worried about them. I saw Marta the other day, but there is no news of the young man. I wish I could... do something for him.

Cardoso: But you've already done a lot for him.

Pereira: But I would like to do more.

Rafiq Taylor

Cardoso: If the new dominant self comes out at all, it will be able to do something else.

Pereira: But if this new me comes and completely changes what will become of me, of my past, what will it be?

Cardoso: But, that is precisely what you need. You must break with the past, you need to forget it. To put it in Freudian terms: You have to build the mourning of your past life and regret in the present. For example... Giving yourself the pleasure of half a cigarette and inviting me with the other half.

Pereira: Yes!

Cardoso: One more thing: don't talk to your wife's portrait again. If you have something to solve, do it with the living. Okay?

Pereira: He says I should stop haunting the past. Pass with the congregation of souls according to the new dominant self, but, but I... with you, with you I will continue talking.

SONG: The treasure shines here. It caresses the heart. But it's hidden...

Pereira: Hello? Good afternoon, director.

SONG: In the words...

Pereira: You want to see me? May I know why? No... Tomorrow morning? Okay. Good afternoon, Mr. Director.

Narrator: Pereira maintains that the police were already on every corner. Amidst that pressure, in the middle of the street, he heard an officer who said: "Eyes wide open, subversives can be anywhere." And he didn't like that at all, says Pereira.

Editor: Listen well, Pereira, I'm going to address you on a first-name basis, that way we'll finish earlier. Do you know that you haven't been seen for a month?

Pereira: No, we met at the spa hotel. Maybe you don't remember.

Editor: Please don't start contradicting me. Sit down.

Pereira: How did you spend your vacation at the spa? You still have a tan. Me? 10 kilos.

Editor: Let's leave the holidays. Let's talk about the cultural page. You do what you want.

Pereira: Mr. Director, when you put me in charge of the newsroom, you told me: "Pereira, I don't care about culture. Do what you want, it's your business."

Editor: I said that?

Pereira: Yes, verbatim.

Editor: I've changed my mind, let's get to the point. I can tell you that I did not expect this from you.

Pereira: But what was not expected of me?

Editor: This panegyric of France has generated discomfort in high places.

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: What panegyric?

Editor: Come on Pereira, come on... the story that ends with the phrase "Vive La France".

Pereira: But the censorship has not told me anything.

Editor: The censorship, the censorship, they are illiterate morons. The director of censorship, Major Lorenzo, is a friend of mine, but, of course, he cannot read everything that journalists write. It is we who are expected to be vigilant, it is we who must watch ourselves, we have to self-censor ourselves when necessary!

Pereira: I already noticed that it was a patriotic story.

Editor: But I thought it was Portuguese patriotism, not French, Come on! You must speak of our country, of our race!

Pereira: But there is no Portuguese race. I... I wanted to say that the Portuguese are not a race, but rather a mixture of different peoples: there are Celts, Romans, Arabs, Jews...

Editor: Listen well Pereira, from now on for anything you want to publish, you must first consult me. Is that clear?

Pereira: At your service Mr. Director, yes.

Editor: So let's end this conversation. I would like our relationship to be based on mutual esteem and trust. And in faith, faith in the same ideals. Okay? Okay??

Pereira: Yes... yes.

- What are you doing here? Where did you come from?

Rossi: I'll explain everything... Water, water please.

Pereira: Come in.

- Drink slowly, you're going to drown!

Rossi: I haven't drunk for two days.

Pereira: Here.

Rossi: Thanks.

Pereira: Sit down. Good... Tell me.

Rossi: They arrested my cousin while we recruited volunteers, in the south. And me...

Pereira: And you?

Rossi: Miracle escape. I have been walking.

Pereira: Does anyone know that you are here?

Rossi: No one, not even Marta. Don't throw me out, Dr. Pereira-

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: No, no, here you are safe. The concierge and the upstairs neighbor are on vacation.

Rossi: I need sleep. I am not standing...

Pereira: Come.

- Here you go.

Rossi: I'll never forget what you've done. Passports for volunteers... Hide them. One more thing: I have to get in touch with Marta. This is her number. Tell her I'm safe.

Pereira: Okay. Now sleep.

- Good Morning, Manuel

Manuel: Good Morning. It's the first time I've seen you at this hour. Everything okay?

Pereira: I need to make a call, but I can't do it from home.

Manuel: Come with me.

Pereira: Thank you.

Manuel: No one listens here. I'll leave.

Pereira: Hello? I would like to talk to Martha. This...

- Monteiro Rossi! Monteiro Rossi, time to wake up!

Rossi: How long have I slept?

Pereira: Long. I called Marta and they hung up on me. I was reckless. Now they know we're looking for her.

Rossi: Marta knows how to take care of herself, don't worry. Can I wash?

Pereira: Sure, come, I'll give you a clean shirt.

Rossi: If one day he leaves journalism, another career is assured!

Pereira: ?

Rossi: Cooking!

Pereira: Thank you.

Rossi: I have brought you another article.

Pereira: Okay, let's listen.

Rossi: "The great Spanish poet Garcia Lorca has died under dark circumstances. His gift to the people is his passion for theater, culture, freedom. We know who has assassinated him: the henchmen of General Franco. We have loved Garcia Lorca for his poems, today we mourn him for his courage, his sacrifice..." Already. I know. This is also not good. I must confess something: I have not written these entire obituaries. Almost all the texts were suggested to me by Marta. Only this one is written entirely by me.

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: I already guessed, and it doesn't seem right to me.

Rossi: Yes, but hey, do you know what the Spanish nationals shout? Long live death! And I like life! I said it the first time, remember? I alone would not have been able to talk about death.

Pereira: Basically, you are right. I can't stand this anymore... A beautiful article, written from the heart.

- Hide.
- I'm coming! Who is it?

Police Officer: Open! Police!

Pereira: One moment!

Police Officer: Open! Police!

Pereira: One moment!

Police Officer: Open or we break the door down!

- Political police. We are going to search the house.

Pereira: But can I see your ID?

Police Officer: Did you hear that? Document of what?

Fonseca: Isn't the commander's word enough? Do you prefer us to identify ourselves like this?

Police Officer: Listen Pereira. We know that you are a good person, you simply have not realized with whom you were related, right?

Pereira: They cannot carry out a search without authorization.

Police Officer: He says we can't search without authorization. What will Fonseca have to do to convince him?

Pereira: An intellectual is not treated like that,

Fonseca: C'mon, don't piss your pants!

Police Officer: Dr. Pereira, try to understand. We have nothing against you. We have only come to teach a lesson to a cultured and applied young man who has lost his sense of country. We are here to get you back on the right track and tell us where a certain friend of yours is.

- Very interesting... an intimate dinner, how romantic. We know that you're a widower and don't usually frequent women. But... if you like young boys we are not scandalized.

Pereira: All this is infamy! You guys are infamous.

Police Officer: I'm already tired. Enough! Understand? Tell us where he is or I start destroying everything! And you, I break your face!

Rossi: I'm here.

Police Officer: He's yours.

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: Leave him alone! Let him go! Let go of me! Do not touch me!

Police Officer: We don't do anything to him, he just tells us where his little friend is and we let him go.

Pereira: I want to call the police.

Police Officer: I am the police. What are you waiting for, call me. Where is the phone?

- "Hello? Police. Yes, this is the police."
- Delicious! One of these afternoons I'll come back, and prepare them for me like this, yes?

Pereira: What are they doing to him? I must see it.

Police Officer: Quiet, you old piece of shit!

- So?

Fonseca: He won't talk. We better go.

Police Officer: Listen to me well: you have never seen us. Don't be too smart, because next time we can come for you.

- Let's go.

Pereira: Monteiro Rossi! They are already gone. They left! It's over! They... Monteiro.

- Manuel.

Manuel: What happened?

Pereira: Nothing, nothing. I need your help. Please forward this message to my friend, Dr. Cardoso. It is urgent. Be careful.

Manuel: Don't worry, trust me.

Pereira: "His name was Francesco Monteiro Rossi. He was of Italian origin. He collaborated with our newspaper. He has written texts on great writers of our time from Garcia Lorca to Mayakovsky. They haven't been published yet, but maybe one day they will be. He was a nice young man who loved life. He has been viciously beaten. They sank his skull with the butt of the pistol. His body lay on the 2nd floor of Rua da Saudade, Room 22. He has been killed by three sinister individuals. The leader, thin, called himself "commander" and two others, corpulent, respond to the names of Fonseca and Lima. We call on all citizens to monitor and denounce these episodes of brutal violence perpetrated in our country with the complicity of some. Monteiro Rossi was in love with a brave young girl who loved freedom. To this girl, if she gets to read our article, we send from here, our most sincere condolences and our most affectionate greetings. Monteiro Rossi, this newspaper remembers you and greets you. Signed: Pereira."

Typographer: "Monteiro Rossi, this newspaper remembers you and greets you. Signed: Pereira." But... Are you really willing to sign this? This is a very serious matter. Bringing me such an article without the approval of censorship!

Pereira: We have known each other for 30 years and I have never created a problem for him.

Typographer: They were different times.

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: No! This article should come out today. I have spoken with the head of censorship, he has verbally given me his permission.

Typographer: The head of censorship?

Pereira: Yes, Major Lorenzo. He was my classmate at school. I introduced him to the Director.

Typographer: Are you a friend of Major Lorenzo?

Pereira: If you want, I'll call him on the phone and you can talk to him yourself. Direct me. Ask for the oldest, if you prefer.

Typographer: Hello? Yes. I'm calling from the printing house "Lisboa". Major Lorenzo, please.

Editor: Yes, one moment... Major Lorenzo is in a meeting.

Typographer: Wait.

- The telephone operator says that he is in a meeting.

Pereira: Pass it to me.

- It's Pereira.

Editor: It's Dr Pereira!

Pereira: Tell the Major that it is absolutely necessary that you talk to him.

Editor: Wait, the Major is here. I'll pass it on immediately.

Lorenzo: Pereira what's going on?

Pereira: I'm at the printing house, it's because of the article that I read to you a while ago, the approval, the typographer was worried-

Lorenzo: I've already told you that the country should know.

Pereira: I know. The country should know...

- I pass it on to you.

Typographer: Major Lorenzo? Yes, Major!

Lorenzo: What is your name, friend? Listen up, Pedro. You should be proud to exclusively publish this article! It surprises me that, as a citizen, rather than as a typographer, you resist.

Typographer: I beg your pardon, Major.

Lorenzo: By the way, what page do you plan to put it on? On the culture page? No! On the front page! Without discussion!

Typographer: Thank you Mr. Major... So, I will... Yes sir.

- On the front page! He ordered me to put it on the front page.

Rafiq Taylor

Pereira: If the Major ordered it...

Typographer: Damn, Pereira, how you have risen!

Pereira: Well, yes.

- What did I do? I'll explain later.

SONG: The secret to discover is locked in us...

Pereira: What a fool! You thought I was going to leave you alone! The paper will be out soon, and we can't waste a minute.

SONG: Caresses the heart and in the burning hands...

Paperboy: Journalist brutally murdered! Young journalist brutally murdered!

Woman: Give me one.

Narrator: Pereira maintains that as he walked away through the crowd he had the feeling that his age did not weigh on him. As if he had become a young man again, agile, slender with a great desire to live. Then he remembered the beaches of La Granja and a frail girl who had given him the best years of his life. And, remembering all this, he wanted to have a dream, a beautiful dream with his eyes open. But he doesn't want to talk about this dream, Pereira, because he would have personally told the person who told him this story.

"A Brisa Do Coracio (La Brazza Del Cuore)" by Ennio Morricone plays over the credits